

ember

'Her body is the shape of my hands'
Paul Eluard

contamination poem:

my body is poisoned
by the presence of you

the presence of you in my veins

the cells in my body
have been told what to do

to rid me of your remains

there is a vaccine,
there are simple cures

but culture's unstable
the outcome not sure

my body's polluted
by the memory of us

and the symptoms
are showing through

in how many ways
can I hurt you

how can I hurt
how fast and how much

how can I find
the most hurtful spot

on this tender skin
that I've touched

what is the safest
most painful approach

what is the worst
what pains you the most

how much can I hurt you
and just how badly

and how many times
will you suffer gladly

?

we were once
heavenly bodies
locked in embrace

we were
a stellar combination

spinning silently through space

we are beautiful now
oh, but then we were great

pushed out from our trajectory
formed/deformed by gravity

your galaxy-arms stretch out for me

silent screams
as we expand and grow apart

maybe the heart is like a fist
you only have to tighten it

maybe the heart is just a knot
of all the things it never got

I have stolen from you
every weapon of defense
I have taken every word
that could have made some sense
for what you would not give
I stole from you
I have taken
what little you had left
of virtue, dignity and pride
of these you are bereft
for what you would not give I took
I am a thief, a crook

you didn't know
you were swimming with sharks
did you?

you had no idea even
that this was out to sea
many miles from shore

you did not see
fins closing in

with the afternoon light fading

you had no clue they were sharks
- did you?

their silent glide
masking the seriousness
of their purpose

full of faith
in the nobility of your own

you never thought that
keeping my limp body afloat
would put you in harms way

but I am leaking

and their sense of smell
is legend

The worst part
is the memories
we will never share

the things
we'll never see

the worst of it
is the wait
for that which cannot be

imagine now
a darkened room
where you undress;
your olive skin caressed

by soft pearl light

the full-length mirror on the wall
speaks only of itself tonight

the golden green
that fills me here
- the long slow northern dusk
is really nothing but a dream

A glass of white-wine sparkles
on an ancient wall of stone in Eboli;
a TV series once affecting me
can raise its voice, through all these years,
and call

it speaks of how things could have been
and recognition kills me

and just like the Nazarene,
praying for the life he would not lead
I want to settle here

for this is my Gethsemane

and you are asking me
to pick up my cross

Gethsemane comes from Gat Shemen meaning olive

even you
you careless bitch

even you
you heartless witch

even you
you worthless piece of shit

even you are full of it

sub-particle entanglement theory

I am half of us

and in the moments
where we don't exist

I am reminded
of the saddest fact:

that once entangled

there is never
any going back

once connected

we are always
and forever one

notwithstanding

things we haven't done

only you and I know very little

everybody else here
seem to know a lot

they seem to have it all sown up

in such control
where we just wait for things to break

for things to break apart or fall

but all that matters
is a belly-laugh

so how come we're the ones in stiches
and they have all forgot?

crush-dresser

I like to dress up in the clothes I wore
when last we met

it makes it possible to believe
and harder to forget

I like to dress up in the clothes I wore
when we met last

that way I can believe that things are not
so irrevocably lost there in the past

I sometimes scrutinize myself
within these clothes

and imagine somehow you must know

that you're observing me
from somewhere on the other side

and though the mirror is a cold surface
to rub up against

memory makes my mouth
kiss itself with conviction

honesty;

muted sentry

heavily tipped custodian

of tattered integrity

brute bouncer at this blastproof bunker

of self-respect

empathy;

expendable stool-pigeon

sacrificial lamb

in the war against compromise

pathetic symbolist shaman

of an imagined responsibility

in a saltwater sea

what use is a tear

in the eye of a fish

with all hope crushed now

between you and me

what good is

making a wish

run with me

not just
through the forest
but in the air

run with me here

on this sofa
on this bed

inside your head

run with me

not just as exercise
but in your mind

not just like two
of three blind mice

(but maybe these three mice weren't quite so blind
....but somehow mice of the seeing kind)

run with me

even when there's
nowhere we can go

let's run

to the untrained eye

these words
mean only what they say

and that is all they mean

to the uninitiated

yesterday is made up mostly
of the remnants of today

to the unprepared

there is no sense in anything
and no connections anywhere

but to the keener ear,
the sharper wit
the faster, better, brighter mind
(and yeah, this is a trained response)

these are the roadsigns
leading back to where we were

where we were once

you saw my deep sea eyes
turn and wash away

the hook not
far enough into
flesh

to withstand
the vigour of my
thrashing

or maybe the line
just snapped

maybe I swim
down inside my own dark
with a hook in my jaw

the story doesn't say

your south sea skin
for my icicle bones

your warm wind hair
on my cold draught tongue

your white hot lap
on my sub-zero face

your big brown eyes
for my thawing gaze

and for the long hours we're awake
a brief nod of sleep

a moment of clear anticipation
for every drugged pleasure

a second of sobering pain
for the everlasting orgasm we fake

a handful of coal for the furnace
a moment gone
a waste

a pocketful of change
for a lifetime in chaste

your immaculate life
is stained

your perfect plan
has been changed

you are right
it is hardly fair

your hard work
wasted

all your efforts
in vain

your world crumbled

your pink balloon
deflated

you are learning
about the cost
of keeping clean

I know it is not
how you have come
to know me

but I will be
quietly insisting

we have the matches
will it burn?

will the flames engulf and perform
their magic?

will the fires eat away
as we laugh in the face of our
private Inquisition

mad mad laughter as if only
to confirm their suspicion

their convent of conspiracy
is one of water made from air
and blood stuck to hair

the cobblestones of history have ears
and scorched land lies everywhere

we have the matches
will it burn?

your eyes were green

and I'd pay
anything to see
what they have seen

your sea green eyes
were brown

and I've been looking ever since
in every face on every street
in every town

your big brown eyes
were blue

which makes it that much harder
to go on
to finally let go of you

within their gaze
a saving grace
for they have made me realize;

there's nothing
that can match your rainbow smile

except perhaps

your pale blue
brown &
greenish

yellow eyes